The Intelligencer.

NUMB. VIII.

Par conatque pari.

HAVING lately had an Account, that a certain Person of some Distinction swore in a publick Coffee-house, that Party should never Dye, while he lived (although it has been the Endeavour of the best and wisest among us, to Abolish the Ridiculous Appellations of *Whig* and *Tory*, and entirely to turn our thoughts to the good of our *Prince* and *Constitution in Church and State*) I hope those, who are well-wishers to our Country, will think my Labour not ill bestowed in giving this Gentleman's Principles the proper Embellishments which they deserve, and since mad *Mullinix* is the only *Tory* now remaining, who dares own himself to be so, I desire I may not be Censured by those who are of his Party, for making him hold a Dialogue with one of less Consequence on 'tother side. I shall not venture so far, as to give the *Christian Nick-name* of the Person chiefly concerned, lest I should give offence, for which reason, I shall call him *Timothy*, and leave the rest to the Conjecture of the World.

MAD MULLINIX and TIMOTHY.

M. I Own 'tis not my Bread and Butter,
But prithee *Tim*, why all this Clutter?

Why

Why ever in these raging Fits,
Damning to Hell the *Exchisit*?
When, if you search the Kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the *Priests* and *Fryers*.
T. 'Twixt you and me G——— Damn the Lyers.
M. The Tories are true every Man over
To our Illustrious House of *Hanover*.
From all their Conduct this is plain,
And then—— *T.* G—— Damn the Lyars again.
Did not an Earl but lately Vote
To bring in (I could Cut his Throat)
Our whole Accounts of publick Debts.
M. Lord how this Frothy Coxcomb frets! (aside)
T. Did not an able Statesman
This dang'rous horrid motion Dish up?
As *Popish* Craft? Did he not rail on't?
Shew Fire and Faggot in the Tail on't?
Proving the *Earl* a grand Offender,
And in a Plot for the *Pretender*?
Whose Fleet, 'tis all our Friends Opinion,
Was then embarking at *Avignon*.
M. In every A—— you run your Snout,
To find this Damn'd *Pretender* out,
While all the silly Wretch can do
Is but to frisk about like you.
But *Tim* Convinc't by your Perswasion,
I yield there might be an Invasion,
And you who ever F——— in vain,
Can F——— his Navy back again.
T. Z——ds Sir. *M.* But to be more and serious
For long disputes will only weary us.
These bringing Jars of *Whig* and *Tory*,
Are Stale, and Worn as *Troy-Town Story*.
The Wrong is certain you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your Faction, when their Game was new,
Might want such noisy Fools as you;
But you when all the Show is past
Resolve to stand it out the last;

Like

Like *Marsin Marrall*, gaping on,
Not minding when the Song was done.
When all the *Bees* are gone to settle,
You Clatter still your Brazen Kettle.
The Leaders whom you first set under,
Have dropt their Arms, and seiz'd the Plunder.
And when the War is past you come
To rattle in their Ears your Drum.
And, as that hateful hideous *Grecian*
Thersites (he was your Relation)
Was more abhor'd, and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his Foes,
So thou art grown the Detestation
Of all thy Party through the Nation.
Thy peevish, and perpetual railing,
With Plots; and Jacobites and Treasons;
Thy busy never-meaning Faces,
Thy Screw'd up Front; thy State Grimaces,
Thy formal Nods; important Sneers;
Thy Whisp'rings loud in all Mens Ears;
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But Nonsence wrapt up in a Stink)
Have made thy Presence in a true Sence,
To thy own Side so Damn'd a Nuisence,
That when they have you in their Eye,
As if the *Devil* drove, they fly.

T. My good Friend *Mullinix* forbear.
I Vow to G—— you're too severe.
If it could ever yet be known
I took Advice except my own,
It shou'd be yours. But D—— my Blood
I must pursue the publick Good.
The Faction, (is it not Notorious?)
Keck at the Memory of *Glorious*.
'Tis true, nor need I to be told,
My quondam Friends are grown so Cold,
That scarce a Creature can be found,
To Prance with me the Statue round.
The publick Safety I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me.

And

And while this Vital breath I blow,
Or from above, or from below,
I'll Sputter, Swagger, Curse and Rail,
The *Tories* Terror, Scourge and Flail.
M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite,
The Tories! you are their Delight.
And should you act, a different Part,
Be grave and wise, 'twou'd break their Hearts
Why, *Tim*, you have a Taste I know,
And often see a Puppet-show.
Observe, the Audience is in Pain,
While *Punch* is hid behind the Scene,
But when they hear his ruffy Voice,
With what Impatience they rejoice.
And then they value not two Straws,
How *Solomon* decides the Cause,
Which the true Mother, which *Pretender*,
Nor listen to the Witch of *Endor*;
Shou'd *Faustus*, with the Devil behind him,
Enter the Stage they never mind him;
If Punch, to spur their fancy, shews
In at the door his monstrous Nose,
Then sudden draws it back again,
O what a pleasure mixt with pain!
You e'ry moment think an Age,
Till he appears upon the Stage.
And first his Bum you see him Clap,
Upon the Queen of *Sheba*'s lap.
The Duke of *Lo rain* drew his Sword,
Punch roaring ran, and running roar'd.
Reviles all People in his Jargon,
And sells the *King of Spain* a Bargain.
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the *Dragon*.
He gets a thousand Thumps and Kicks
Yet cannot leave his roguish Tricks;
In every Action thrusts his Nose
The reason why no Mortal knows.
In doleful Scenes, that breaks our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a F——t. There's

There's not a Puppet made of Wood,
But what wou'd hang him if they cou'd,
While teizing all, by all he's teiz'd,
How well are the Spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear, and stare;
Have no concern for *Sabra*'s sake,
Which gets the better, Saint, or Snake,
Provided *Punch* (for there's the Jeft)
Be soundly mawl'd, and plagues the reft.

Thus *Tim*, Philosophers suppose,
The World consists of Puppet-shows;
Where petulant, conceited Fellows
Perform the part of *Punchinelloes*;
So at this Booth, which we call *Dublin*,
Tim thour't the *Punch* to stir up trouble in:
You Wrigle, Fidge, and make a Rout
But all your Brother Puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual Round,
To Teize, Perplex, Disturb, Confound,
Intrude with Monkey grin, and clatter
To interrupt all serious Matter,
Are grown the Nuisance of your *Clan*,
Who hate and scorn you, to a Man;
But then the Lookers on, the *Tories*—
You still divert with merry Stories;
They wou'd Consent, that all the Crew
Were hanged, before they'd part with you.

But tell me, *Tim*, upon the spot,
By all this Coyl what hast thou got?
If *Tories* must have all the sport,
I fear you'll be disgrac'd at *Court*.

T. Got? D— my Blood *I frank my Letters*,
Walk by my place, before my Betters,
And simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time, to be a P—
Got? D— me, why I got my will!
Ne're hold my peace, and ne'er stand still.
I F—t with twenty Ladies by;
They call me Beast, and what Care I?

I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And Sons of Whores—behind their Backs.
But cou'd you bring me once to think
That when I strut, and stair, and stink,
Revile, and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make Oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant, Loyal Zeal,
To serve my self, and Common-weal,
And fret the *Tories* Souls to Death,
I did but lose my precious Breath,
And when I damn my Soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game,
Consume my Vitals they shall know,
I am not to be treated so,
I'd rather hang my self by half,
Then give those Rascals cause to laugh.
But how, my Friend, can I endure
Once so renown'd to Live obscure?
No little Boys and Girls to cry
There's Nimble Tim a passing by.
No more my dear Delightful way tread,
Of keeping up *a party hatred*,
Will none the *Tory Dogs* pursue,
When thro' the streets I cry *bullies*?
Must all my D—mee's, Bl—s and W—ds
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall *Tory* Rascals be Elected,
Although I swear them Disaffected?
And when I roar a Plot, a *Plot*,
Will our own Party mind me not?
So qualify'd to Swear and Lye,
Will they not trust me for a Spy?
Dear *Mullins*, your good Advice
I beg, you see the Case is Nice,
O, were I equal in Renown,
Like thee, to please this thankless Town!
Or blest with such engaging Parts,
To win the Truste School-boys Hearts!
Thy Vertues meet their just Reward,
Attended by the *Guild-guard*,

Charm'd.

Charm'd by thy voice the 'Prentice drops
The Snow-ball destin'd at thy Chops;
Thy graceful Steps, and Coll'ball's Air
Allure the Cinder-picking Fair.

M. No more — In mark of true Affection
I take thee under my Protection.
Your Parts are good, 'tis not deny'd,
I wish they had been well apply'd.
But now observe my Counsel (viz.)
Adapt your Habit to your Phiz.
You must no longer thus equip 'ye
As *Horace* says, *Optat ephippia.*
There's *Latin* too that you may see
How much improv'd by Dr. ——
I have a Coat at home, that you may try,
'Tis just like this, which hangs by Geometry.
My Hat has much the nicer air,
Your Block will fit it to a hair.
That Wig, I wou'd not for the world
Have it so formal, and so Curl'd,
'Twill be so oyly, and so sleek
When I have lain in it a Week!
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of *Taste* and *Shape.*
Thus dress alike from Top to Toe,
That which is which, 'tis hard to know.
When first in publick we appear,
I'll lead the Van, keep you the Rear.
Be careful, as you walk behind,
Use all the Talents of your mind.
Be studious well to imitate,
My portly Motion, Mien, and Gate.
Mark my Address, and learn my Style,
When to look Scornful, when to Smile.
Nor sputter out your Oaths so fast,
But keep your Swearing to the last.
Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the Streets divert the City.
The Ladies from the Windows gaping,
The Children all our motions Aping.

Your

Your Converſation to refine,
I'll take you to ſome Friends of mine;
Choice Spirits, who employ their Parts,
To mend the World by uſeful Arts.
Some cleanſing hollow Tubes, to ſpy
Direct the *Zenith* of the Sky;
Some have the City in their Care,
From noxious Steams to purge the Air;
Some teach us in theſe dang'rous Days,
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some whoſe reforming Hands engage,
To laſh the Lewdneſs of the Age;
Some, for the publick Service go,
Perpetual Envoys too and fro;
Whole able Heads ſupport the Weight,
Of twenty M——rs of State.
We ſcorn, for want of talk, to jabber
of Parties o'*re* our *Bonny-Clabber*.
Nor are we ſtudious to enquire,
Who votes for Mannors, who for Hire.
Our Care is to improve the mind,
With what concerns all human kind;
The various Scenes of mortal Life,
Who beats her Husband, who his Wife;
Or how the Bulley at a ſtroke
Knockt down the Boy, the Lanthorn broke;
One tells the Riſe of Cheeſe, and Oat-meal,
Another when he got a hot Meal;
One gives Advice in Proverbs Old,
Inſtructs us how to tame a Scold;
One ſhows how bravely *Audein* Dy'd,
And at the Gallows all deny'd;
How by the *Almanack* 'tis clear,
That Herrings will be cheap this Year.
T. Dear *Mullinix*, I now lament
My precious Time, ſo long miſpent,
By nature meant for nobler Ends,
O, introduce me to your Friends!
For whom, by Birth, I was deſign'd,
'Till Politicks debas'd my mind.
I give my ſelf intire to you,
G—— d—— the *Whigs* and *Tories* too.